William and Sufan.

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ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When Black-ey'd Sufan came on board,
O where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among your crew.

William, now high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd and caſt his eyes below;
The cords glide quickly thro' his glowing hands,
And ſwift as lightning on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
If chance his mate's ſhrill he hears,
He drops at once into his neſt;
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet,
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O Sufan, Sufan, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain,
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again:
Change as you will ye winds my mind ſhall be,
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landſmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubt thy conſtant mind,
They tell thee ſailors, when away
In every port a miſtreſs find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath in Afric's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white,
Thus, every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charms of pretty Sue.

Tho' battles force me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Sufan mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harm,
William ſhall to his dear return;
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Sufan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board,
They kiſſed, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head,
Her leſſ'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu! ſhe cries, and waves her lily hand.